

## feel like i want to by Rebldomakr

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Angst, Bit of Blood Kink, Consensual Underage Sex, Gay Will Byers, Internalized Homophobia, Joyce Catches Them, M/M, Period-Typical Homophobia, Will Likes To Bite, okay it's nothing terrible i promise

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Billy Hargrove, Jonathon Byers, Joyce Byers, Many Others in Mentioning, Will Byers

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**Summary:**

Will hates what he is, but he loves what he feels

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### Author's Note:

listen...i'm sorry but there's mistakes in this. I know there's got to be. I wrote it over an hour while watching the Imitation Game and I finished it while crying because of said movie lmao. I should be asleep or at least being productive and doing homework that's due tomorrow

Perversion is definitely something Will submerses himself in now. It's all amount what he feels, not about what's *wrong* or *right*. When Billy Hargrove is fucking him on the hood of his Camaro, he can't think of the Upside Down, how upset his friends would be, that he'd probably be disowned by even his loving mother- no, the only thing he can think of is how *good* it feels to be full to the brim. At first, the aftermath was pure pain (it felt like retribution), but as the rare *spectacular* events turned into near-everyday occasions (very fun errands), his body became used to it and it was like he'd been trained because now what hurt then caused pleasure and *pride*.

"Shit, you're fucking taller." Billy cursed one day, many months into the time they've been spending together alone. He was nearly completely naked, a scabbing-over bite-mark over his shoulder. Will was immensely *happy* when he'd broke through skin, at the same time he'd chewed the mark in he had Billy's cock slammed against his prostate ("I call it your slut spot." Once whispered into his ear, cum dripping out of his fucked-open entrance-meant-never-to-be-an-entrance).

Will nodded. "Doctor said I grew an inch in the past six months." He said. "I'm still shorter than Mike, though." And all of his friends, actually, who appeared to be growing at a far faster rate than him. His mom told him he'll probably have a late growth spurt, and it'd make up for everything he doesn't have now. He wouldn't mind being short, he thought, if he could be heavy-muscle-thick like Billy was. He looked enviously at the older teen.

"Fuck." Billy rubbed his hands over his face. "Fuck, fuck, *fuck*."

He didn't get to have sex for two weeks. Billy avoided him (until Will found him and *cried* until his cheeks were red, until Billy scrambled and apologized) very easily, naturally. They operated in completely different social circles and age groups. It *hurt* an awful lot. And Will knew he was a degenerate, he knew he'd suffer enough for it through his life, but it felt *amazing* to be with Billy.

Billy had to explain it to him. "You're a kid, I'm fucking a kid." He hissed. "I've fucked girls your age, yeah, but that's *different*, alright? I'm just fucking with your head—"

"If it's fine to have sex with a girl same as you do me, and the only difference is that I'm a boy, then it's fine!" Will fought and he *knew* better, been taught better (Men like *Gacy* who take fine young boys and hurt them, other men who take good boys and pervert them, but Will's *already wrong*) but he knew there was no saving him. He loved it all far too much to stop. "I like it! Please, Billy! If I didn't want it, then, I wouldn't beg!" He felt ready to cry again and almost did.

But then Billy cupped his face, cradling him in his palms, and kissed him *softly* like he's never had before. And it thrummed differently than most of what they've done before (like the rarest of moments, unlike most of what they did, when Billy was *affectionate*) and it made Will melt against him, tucking himself wherever he could fit.

Deep at night when only monsters and deviants are awake (Will and Billy both definitely the latter), he escapes out his bedroom window and bikes out to a road leading out of Hawkins where Billy's Camaro is waiting with its owner. He's a bit tired as he pumps his legs, spent a whole day with the Party celebrating the beginning of his fourteenth year, but he's *dedicated*.

"It's your birthday, right?" Billy asked, throwing his hand-rolled cigarette out the window. It's cheaper than buying pack after pack, he says he likes smoking without a filter, too. "I've got some things for you." He said.

In the trunk of his car, Billy uncovers a cardboard box full of faded shirts but new denim jeans. Among it all is a leather jacket just a size too big. "Used to be mine." He said. "All of these are, 'cept for the pants, those are new. Dunno know if you'll like them, but, you look

like a fucking geek most of the time, so it's an improvement." It's *care* disguised as an insult and Will blooms under it.

None of the clothes are his *style*. The t-shirts are all old band shirts, mostly Black Sabbath or AC/DC with some bands he doesn't recognize at all. The jeans are one thing that aren't anything new to what he wears, at least, while the leather jacket is a tad worn but screams *Billy Hargrove* and not *Will Byers*.

He takes Billy's dick in a bed that night, driven off to a roadside motel. He sobs and he's held back from that *peak*, and Billy does everything to avoid his 'slut spot' while groping him and bruising him everywhere he can reach while thrusting (*slamming*) in him. Will remembered when he used to bleed a little when Billy treated him like this, but now he can *take* it, like how he *feels* he's *meant* to.

Joyce Byers is too busy in the morning to notice her son's wearing a leather jacket. His brother does and he has a strange look in his eye, but he doesn't say a word. Will doesn't know what Jonathon thinks or thought, but he's *grateful*.

His friends certainly say something.

"Who got you that?" Dustin asked, picking at it.

Max stared at him and he thought she was *seeing* too much, so he tried to lie. "Jonathon got it for me." He said.

"It reminds me of Billy." Lucas said sourly, eyeing it and *him*.

Will judges it too risky to wear the jacket too often. He stores it in his closet, sleeps in it some nights, and wears it whenever he goes out on an *errand*. He does so until he outgrows it, and that takes a year. When he does, he keeps it anyway. He stores it in his closet with a number of other things Billy's given him.

June rang and school ended. Will dreamt up of long nights with Billy, *feeling* and *loving* what he shouldn't. He owes the days to his friends, but he'll withhold moon-lit hours from them the best he could. As much he loved them, he didn't *feel* the way he did when he was with Billy. Will didn't want to *ever* let that go.

"I'm leaving to California this summer." Billy said only a week into summer break. Will's curled into him, his fingers laying over him dig into a grip and panic ('Nononononowhyisheleaving' races through his mind).

"Why?" Will questioned, remaining as outwardly calm as he could.

"My mom wants to be a part of my fucking life now I've finished my fucking junior year." Billy sounded angry, *bitter*, in a way Will feels sometimes about his father. "She's got some rich husband and thinks she can buy my fucking love. She's a bitch, but my old man- he says I need to go," He clenched his jaw. "*I need to know my mother.*" He snarled it out like it left a horrid taste in his mouth.

"But you'll be back." Will said, relaxing now. "You get to see California, too. Don't you miss it?"

Billy breathed hard out his nose. "Yeah." He said. He looked ready to add onto it, but seemed to regret even thinking about saying anything more.

"Bring me back a postcard?" Will asked.

"Shit, yeah." Billy lightened. "I'll bring you back sand, too. And pictures. A lot of fucking pictures. I'll get you a bikini, too." He cackled.

Summer break is spent in the arcade, at the theater, and in Mike's basement. He sketched Billy onto pieces of paper he'd tear up after finishing. His mom dates someone for a short week. Steve Harrington carts the Party out of town whenever Dustin begged. Max complained about her stepdad a lot. And Will *feels* nothing, not the way he *loves* to feel.

It's a very long, but very short, summer.

A week before school is to resume ("You're going to be in high school!" His mom looked ready to cry over his new pair of shoes), Billy returned. He's got a fresh tan and he seemed even bulkier, but he takes Will into his arms the same night and kisses him until he forgot that they'd spent what felt like forever apart. Will drowned

himself in Billy's cheap cologne and nibbled a wound onto his neck, lapping at the blood and laughing when he was called a vampire. He *felt* and it was *amazing*.

Everything felt so good and perfect, but nothing so much of either lasts very long.

Will was stupid. He dared to sneak Billy into his room at night. His mom was supposed to be working late. Jonathon and Nancy had left to see a concert, would be gone until the next afternoon. It was his first test of responsibility, given a night alone. He took advantage, how *couldn't* he? And he let Billy take advantage, too.

It had been past midnight. If Will had been smarter, he would have been able to guess that his mom would *of course* take a break to come see if he was doing alright. No one at that time of day would know the store was closed for thirty minutes when it was supposed to be open overnight on the weekends.

But Will was gasping for *more* when Joyce came home. She heard ("You're loud as shit, dude." Billy'd told him once, when they first started after somehow *clicking* at Max' birthday party) and didn't hear anything but pain. Upside Down aside, any mother would have been worried and panicked.

When she slammed open his bedroom door, she didn't find any monsters or her son in any serious harm. Instead, she found her *precious* boy spread out on his bed and arching as a near-man cooed out, "Slut" And fucked rapidly into him.

"Oh my God." Joyce grabbed at the door frame.

They both froze.

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### **Author's Note:**

the imitation game is an AMAZING movie alright it's

on Netflix if you've got it and haven't seen this movie. I recommend it so much.